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Tell Step 3

To me an education means knowing about the many systems around us that control

the world and the culture that we live in. I illustrated my understanding of

"what it means to be educated" in these three stories. I tried to link the

stories together with the theme of a song.

These songs were important to me during the times when I heard them. They

helped to imprint a certain moment in time in my mind. These moments were

particularly vivid and prominent to me as a young person trying to grow up and

discovering what an education means to me.

I remember the summer before my freshman year of high school. This song called

"Use Somebody" by Kings of Leon was always playing on the radio. Whenever I

got into my dad's car so he could drive me to soccer practice, the song was

playing.

Whenever I got back into the car after soccer practice, the song was playing.

My memory of that summer feels a little bit vague. It was always hot and humid

in the field in front of my high school. I would sweat whenever we ran our

three laps around the school for our warm up before practice began. I was

always thirsty while we kicked a soccer ball between cones in groups of three,

kicking the ball to each other and weaving between the cones simultaneously. I

gasped for breath when we ran up a steep hill as a group fifteen times in a

row.

It was always a relief to sit as a group on the cool green grass and drink

cool water that always seemed to disappear too quickly. My skin always felt

hot to the touch, and no matter how much sunscreen I put on, the back of my

neck always felt like it was getting roasted by the sun. Every practice ended

with me sitting on the grass, guzzling my water down, thankful that practice

was over. My legs and my arms were always sore from the usual soccer

exercises.

I was relieved when I saw my dad arriving at school to take me home. He would

always have the radio on, and as we left the high school parking lot I would

always hear the the Kings of Leon song play. Honestly, at the time I felt

annoyed. How could that song be playing all the time? Didn't the radio station

have better music? It got to the point that I would start to hear that song in

my head during practices. That moment best described my summer. A hot two and

a half hours of soccer exercises that always left me begging for water, and

the cooling ride home as that song played on the radio and the wind entered

our car from rolled down windows.

As my high school career went by, I thought about that moment often. It was a

simple moment before the new experience of a brand new school setting. It was

a fairly simple moment where I began to think about the systems that shaped my

world and that led me to choosing the high school that I attended.

I remember a moment when I first came to Bloomsburg University. At the time, I

was a Computer Science major and I was growing less and less interested in the

classes that I was taking at the time. One day, I was walking to my Computer

Ethics class in the Bakeless Building. As I walked, I was listening to a song

called "Heart Skips A Beat" by The XX. I had been listening to the band for a

while, and I had recently become infatuated by this song of theirs.

I came across this song at an interesting time in my college career. It was

nearing the middle of the Spring Semester, and I felt like I had been doing

nothing but cruising through classes. I was feeling a little lost. I didn't

know if I would continue my college education, or if I even wanted to continue

my education.

As I entered the Bakeless Building, the song entered the middle portion. I was

only passively listening to the lyrics, I was mostly interested in listening

to the rhythm of it. As I waited outside the locked classroom door, I looked

around me. People in my class began to appear. I had one friend who was also

taking the class with me. He had prior experience in the field of Computer

Science, mostly because he took classes in high school. It seemed to me that

programming for the major came easy to him. I felt that way about the other

students around me as well. I thought that they had been proactive about the

major, doing things in their spare time to become adept at the concept of

programming. I was very interested in computers, but I had never done any

research on the topic of programming. I had not worked on any programming

projects during high school. I was just learning what a programming language

was.

I felt a little overwhelmed, and very much lost. Listening to the song helped

me sooth my nerves. I knew that things would turn out well, and that maybe a

change of direction could help ease my mind. It took me a while to switch

majors, but in the end I feel more comfortable in my current major than I did

in Computer Science.

As I sat in the sun, I listened to one of my favorite songs. It's a song that

I've liked since high school. It's the song "Substitution" by the Silversun

Pickups. I got up from the swinging chair on my porch and walked back inside.

It was nearing the end of May, and summer was just beginning in earnest.

I had just graduated from Bloomsburg University, and I soon had to make the

decision of whether I would go to graduate school or not. I walked into the

kitchen to get a glass of green tea. I thought about when the next time I

would see my friends would be. Since we all just graduated, I couldn't see how

we could possibly see each other ever again. It seemed like everyone I knew

already had a job or was going off to graduate school.

I drank from my glass and carried it out to the living room, where my parents

were watching a show together. I looked at the decorations on the shelves in

our living room, and thought about how uniquely "our’s" the house was. My

parents have this habit of occupying a space and renovating it so that it

becomes what they want it to be. Before we lived in Lemoyne, we had lived in a

neighborhood right outside the city of Harrisburg. It was a very old looking

house when we first moved in, but by the time we moved to this neighborhood,

the house was all fixed up. The wallpaper was all taken down, and we painted

the walls nice, neutral, modern colors. The appliances and the sink in the

kitchen were replaced with modern appliances, and we added hardwood floors to

the living room and the bedrooms.

My parent's favorite hobby is to renovate their own house, so I doubt that

they are finished quite yet with our home. But it certainly looks better now

than it did when we first moved in. I liked the way our home looked. It was

very tranquil and peaceful.

I sat with my parents and watched a few shows on Netflix with them. This is

how we always spent our weekends together, usually just watching television

shows or movies for hours at a time. It was a routine that I thought was very

relaxing.